

THE PREACHER.

Original

SELF-RIGHTEOUSNESS REPROVED;

A Discourse delivered before the Central (N. Y.) Association of Universalists, in June, 1838.

BY REV. T. J. SMITH.

My Brethren—Since last we met, the silent course of time has winged away the moments of another year, and as ever, since the dawn of creation, change and decay have followed in the footsteps of him who bears the glass and scythe. The tide of human scenes has rolled on, and the events of one short year lives in memory's sacred domain. By her guidance, we turn in retrospection to the time and place of our last meeting, and many a kindred spirit that then warmed and gladdened our hearts, is away—far, far away—though still in the land of the living; while others have been called to their fathers, and sleep the sleep of Death.

"Our barks are yet upon the shore;
But their's is launched upon the sea;
Which eye of man may not explore,
Of fathomless eternity."

Yet we in the kind Providence of our God, have been permitted once again to assemble in annual convocation, to lift up our voices together, and together sing the praise of our great Creator.

We still inhabit the clay tenement of mortality, and rejoice in the boon of our existence. Brief though it may be, it nevertheless is held dear; and though short may be our pilgrimage, yet we severally desire the smiles of heaven to beam upon us—joy and peace to attend us through all the changing vicissitudes of the same, and withal, a glorious and happy termination of our toils and labors here below.

All men desire to know the value of human existence; to receive its richest blessings; to avoid its ills and pains; to drink deep of its felicity, while they avoid its bitter dregs of woe, and that it may flow on like a pure unruffled stream to the goal of mortality. Aye, all men desire, too, when this being shall end, that death may be swallowed up in victory!

Such desires, we believe, are universal with man; and though thousands may groan in bondage and misery, yet it proves not that they desire pain and suffering, instead of peace and happiness; for the poor culprit bound to the wall in the deep, damp dungeon, may struggle with

his chains, but that struggle proves his desire of freedom, rather than his joy at being bound. A choice even of sin and misery, does not militate against this desire; it only proves that ignorance and error often whisper in the ear of the multitude, that the way of sin is the way of peace. The desire is ever there for the waters of life, and though men may lave their lips in the turbid stream of death, they still desire to live with the full measure of heaven's joy upon them.

This desire, we trust, has led us again to assemble; to mingle our voices in the songs of Zion; to remember our Creator; to take heed to our ways; to hearken to the voice of our Master; to walk by the light of Revelation, and advance the Redeemer's kingdom in the earth; and from the gleanings of experience, blended with the principles of pure religion and undefiled, become wise unto salvation. We have congregated the children of one common Creator, "the Father of the spirits of all flesh;" as brethren of the same great family, desiring each other's well being and love. And as such, may we not freely and plainly canvass our short-comings of duty, and together consult for our mutual improvement and growth in spiritual things?

Feeling fully persuaded that this is our privilege, and the object now before us, and to aid us in the attainment of the same, we ask attention to the teachings of the Son of Man, as recorded in the gospel of St. Matthew.

"But be not ye called Rabbi, for one is your Master, even Christ, and all ye are brethren. And call no man your father upon earth, for one is your Father, which is in Heaven."—Matt. xxiii. 8, 9.

We are informed that in olden time, men were found, who chose to sit in Moses' seat; to bind heavy burdens upon their fellows, and grievous to be borne; doing all their works to be seen by men; making broad their phylacteries, and enlarging the borders of their garments; loving the uppermost rooms at feasts, and greetings in the markets, and to be called of men, Rabbi, Rabbi. These are a part, and only a part, of the deeds peculiar to them, and these our Savior was not backward to reprove. These were the fruits of selfishness, even of a spontaneous growth, for they loved themselves and despised others.—Burying by degrees, the first principle of pure religion, that one is the "Father of the spirits of all flesh," "who hath made of one blood, all nations of men for to dwell on all the face of the earth," and overlooking, as a natural consequence, the second principle, that all are brethren of the same great family; with them, a rea-

MORE ORTHODOX SLANDER.

Br. Price—You will not be surprized at the above caption; for one who has stood in front of the battle as long as you have, must occasionally have been the object of that slander and abuse which is at times so copiously bestowed upon the believers in the doctrine of God's universal grace. There has lately been added to the number of the opposers of this doctrine in our city, who in the spirit of his love and meekness, deems it his bounden duty to wholesale abuse and slander of the grossest kind, and of the most malignant and vile character, against the peaceable citizens of this city; and not only against them, but also the citizens of other towns in this state, (Conn.,) and finally, upon all that profess a belief in, and support the truth. He is of the close communion Baptist order, within the limits of which it would be well for him to keep. I should judge by the manner in which he rails out against us, and the abundance of the abuse that he seems commissioned to deal out, by the master whom he serves so faithfully, that he supposes himself authorized to punish us before our time. But to come at the story.

The subject of these remarks is a Baptist clergyman, by name, Jennings. What has given him occasion for so soon pouring out his vials of wrath upon us, I know not. His first story is, that he never knew a Universalist but what would drink *rum*, or was intemperate. This after it was turned back upon him, he qualified by saying, that he never knew a drunkard, that was not always ready to advocate Universalism. His next is, that in the town whence he has wandered to this place—(pity he came this way)—the Universalists were all drunkards! The name of the town is Waterbury, Ct. I requested of him the names or the name of one, which he at the time refused to give, but said he could give me scores of them, and would make out a list and hand it to me. That list as yet I have not received. It may be that this is all true, (that which is stated about the citizens of Waterbury;) but it is hard for me to believe that scores could live there, and all drunkards too, without some friends in that vicinity taking some notice of the circumstance.

His next charge is, that the Universalists in this city held a meeting for the purpose of adopting sundry resolutions, and after the meeting broke up, they all adjourned to a *liquor store*, and there washed down their resolutions with *ardents*. This is *utterly false*! The meeting which the Rev. (?) slanderer had in his mind, was one held by the Universalists in this city, for the purpose of forming themselves into a church. The resolutions were, the Church Covenant and Articles of Faith, of which he was well aware at the time he published the foul slander.

His next was, that one of the deacons, or leading members of the church, opened a hall given by a military company* in this city. This is in part, true.—Thus far it is true—the charge was against myself; but it is not true, that I am one of the deacons of the church, neither do I consider myself one of the leading members of the Church. But even if all this were true, it was not the business of the Reverend (?) slanderer to make it the subject of a pulpit discourse. Let my sin be ever so great, it would be better for him first to cast the beam from his own eye, that he might

* The Rifle Guards, which company I have the honor to command. My situation in that respectable company, was my only reason for being a member of the party, and engaging at all in that portion of its amusements. I do not practice dancing. But even for this, I do not hold myself amenable to this gentleman. To God alone, am I accountable; and I have no hesitation in believing that He will judge a more righteous judgment on my motives, than this Reverend slanderer!

see clearly to pluck the mote from his brother's eye. This was not his object—he did not wish to reform me; he evidently had the gratification of his own malignant disposition in view; which he so frequently exposes, by his constant abuse of those that even pretend to believe Universalism. His great desire is, to bring, so far as is in his power, the Universalists of this city into disrepute. They are only a small number in comparison with those of a contrary faith. But thank our Father in Heaven, they do not all of them partake of the same spirit that seems to characterize this *stranger*. His sojourn in this city has been short; and it troubles him exceedingly to know that Universalists have an existence in this place, and support constant preaching.

I recently sent this Rev. (?) stranger a letter, requesting of him some proof of the assertions which he so boldly proclaimed, and the list of drunken Universalists, who reside in the town of Waterbury, Conn. This letter has been noticed by him only as a text for a discourse, and as a pocket-piece to exhibit to his followers, which he has taken the trouble to show to all, in their houses and out of their houses; from the mechanics' shop to the butcher's stall. And as he has thus far been so faithful, I have thought proper, as I have no pulpit to proclaim from, to ask permission and room for this statement in your columns. T. F. A.

SHANTY THE BLACKSMITH.

We have made a short extract from this work, in another part of this number. Since that extract and the remarks connected with it, were in type, we have seen the following brief notice of it in the New-York Observer.

"We should have admired Mr. Taylor's wisdom more, had he omitted "*Sunday School Bookseller*," from the title page of this book. Mr. Taylor has furnished the public with a rich variety of very excellent books, and we regret that the character of his Catalogue should be changed by the addition of this. It has no other merit than that of an inferior novel, and so exceedingly unlike Mrs. Sherwood's usual productions, that we are led to question its genuineness."

We do not pretend to vouch for the genuineness of the work, but should hardly think so respectable a publisher as Mr. Taylor—particularly one who has "furnished the public with a rich variety of very excellent works"—would be guilty of such a fraud as is here insinuated—would presume for a moment to use Mrs. Sherwood's name to a book which did not emanate from her.

Neither can we pretend to the very nice discernment, in style, which is here indicated. The principle must be intuitive. We would beg the Observer to read, carefully, the fourth part of Henry Milner, and see whether he is not "led to question the genuineness" of that work also!!

We are indebted to *some one*, for a copy of an octavo pamphlet of 48 pages, entitled—"The World Reprived: being a critical examination of WILLIAM MILLER's theory, that the second coming of Christ, and the destruction of the world, will take place about A. D. 1843, compiled principally from articles originally written by Rev. KITRIDGE HAVEN. Woodstock, Vt. Haskell & Palmer."

We have not had time to look into this pamphlet, further than to see by the preface that Br. Russell Streeter is the Compiler. We pity any poor fanatical wight who falls under his "searching operation!"

The pamphlets for D. A. D. will be forwarded the first private opportunity. The postage on them, if sent by mail, would amount to more than the value of them. Shall send them to Br. P. P. Hays, from whom he can get them.